

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

"I have opened a window," said Countess de Bois-Ramilly, "to bring in fresh air."

"Some care must be taken," she said, "in placing it in my hand, without lifting her eyes."

"I carried it to the countess, who became Countess to approach her, which she did in a hasty, nervous manner."

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a cushion on her side."

Countess obeyed, bounding livid as she did so.

"My child," said the countess, with one of her vivid smiles, "I was cruel to you a short time since—I now desire you to forgive me, and I thank of it, share with me this beverage, which you so kindly have prepared."

The girl hung her head with evident signs of fear.

"Come," said the countess, with a still sweeter smile. "Drink it all, then, for I know that it is very good for it. See, I insist upon it."

Countess took the goblet from her mistress's hand, and touched her lips to it, and spilled half of it upon the floor.

"Oh! there is now not enough to harm you. Drink quickly."

The girl swallowed that which remained in the goblet, and with a loud cry, rushed from the room.

"Now, Philippe," said the countess, shaking back upon her cushions, "bring me my jewelry cabinet, and assist me in making a selection for my evening-toilette."

The street before the Hotel Cava-Morres was blocked with carriages, when I saw my three companions ran up the steps of the grand entrance, and having been admitted, were shown to the apartment reserved for us until our debut in the Infernal Quadrilles. Having removed her cloak, Neully appeared as before, wearing a complete dress of scarlet satin, slashed with black. One of her white-lacquered hands terminated in the ivory table hoof, the other rested on an elegant thin slender and arched as an Arab's. The black hair cooped in thick curls from under a small scarlet cap, in which were placed two long, slender feathers, curved, and pointed forward like horns. His eye-brows and moustache were judiciously raised at the corners, and around his eyes he had introduced pieces of red tinsel, which gave the effect of coals of fire. Lastly, he carried, gracefully coiled around his left arm, that appendage which his Satanic Majesty is supposed to possess in common with the rest of the monkey-tribe.

The three others, including myself, represented the impish attendants of the Prince of Darkness, and wore tight fitting suits of black satin, were hooped and horned, had black masks with tinsel around the eyes, and bore over our arms the same appendage which graced our leader's person.

A short time had elapsed when an attendant ushered in our partners in the quadrille, accompanied by our noble and elegant hostess.

The three young ladies selected for our partners were sisters, remarkable for the grace and lightness of their forms and their unexceptionable feet and ankles. They wore dresses of scarlet satin, terminating just above the ankle, where they were met by hose and slippers of the same material—the latter being fastened by large buckles of diamonds and rubies combined. Their long black hair was bound with coronets of gold, woven in slender filaments and tipped with diamonds, and waving with every motion not inaptly represented flame.

In her right hand each carried a small silver piftorch.

There was a suppressed exclamation when the Countess de Bois-Ramilly entered, habited as Fire. She wore a dress of flame-colored silk, covered with silver gauze. Her magnificent golden hair floated over her shoulders, and was bound by a coronet of rubies, set clear and surmounted by feathers golden filaments, tipped with diamonds. Around her neck was the caraceni, the lost ruby having been replaced. She seemed the very essence and soul of fire, and under her transparent skin the blood rose and fell in waves with every flitting emotion.

"The band are about to play the Infernal Quadrille," said the duchess, gracefully saluting us. "Will you descend?"

The overture to Robert the Devil was being played as we passed down the stairs, and when we entered the saloon we were greeted by loud acclamations.

We found ourselves upon the floor, and the quadrilles opened with that peculiarly light and joyous movement which characterises the first part, called "La decaute de la Courtille," and which is untranslatable.

Neully danced with a grace and suppleness altogether diabolical, the countess floated like a mist-wraith, and the demoiselles Josephine, Marie and Louise de Landes moved with ethereal lightness.

Then followed the "Arrival in the Abyss," and Lucifer welcomed his guests with superb dignity, and in the gallantries of Lucifer he indulged in terpsichorean flirtation worthy of Memphis. There is a pause before the "Devil's Feast" is played, and four beautiful boys, wearing the duchess's livery, bring in silver baskets piled with fruit of every description. At a sign from Neully we each of us assist ourselves to a portion of it. Neully takes a bunch of grapes, golden chasselas—pale and luscious, like pearls

raises his hand, and they at once come silent.

Three days after, and a beautiful August morning breaks over Carn slicoch. Duncan and the stalwart sons are early up and at over the farm, setting all things to rights preparatory to the great event of the day. The old man is now at the door of the house, with his two shepherd-colliers at his heels. "As moealladh!" he cries, and in an instant the dogs have darted from him, have crossed a small stream, sprung up the bank, and are away over clover field. Duncan's keen eye follows them as they grow less and less in the distance. "Air libh thu!" rings his voice again, and though the dogs are eight or nine they change their course and sweep round the base of the hill. The sheep have ceased to crop the scanty herbage, and now stand with heads all turned one way watching the approach of the wiry-limbed animals. Now the dogs are on the warning bark, you hear the faint sound of the warning bark, and the strong massing of gray wool slowly sliding over the all-slippery "do" of the "stair!" Good, dogs, good!" for there comes the whole troop of sheep trotting across the clover field, through the stream and into this field of corn. The dogs watch, with ears erect, for the slightest sign or sound from their master. He

0, will ye be married, Maggie?
0, will ye take a man?
0, will ye be married, Maggie?

guy Old bachelors have been styled unproductive consumers; scholars with but one blade; ones without saddle; irregular substantives; ways in the singular number and objective case; unruly scholars, who, when told to conjugate, always decline.

LATEST NEWS

11. The following table shows the number of people who attended the concert in each age group.

THE HORN IN CHURCH.—The horn is soon to be introduced into the Church of England choir. This most historical of instruments is finding many advocates, and the Court Journal says: "Several prelates of authority have considered the point involved most favorably, and musicians are as one as to the solemn and beautiful effect it will have in an occasional accompaniment."

Although the wise are supposed to have more weight in the community than the foolish, we have never yet seen a smart man who outweighed a simpleton.

ptarmigan are exactly the color of the

☛ The French astronomers have discovered another planet, and want a name for it. How would it answer to call it New Bright 'un?

☛ An Irish lad having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied, "Yis, sure he's the parent iv me; but he traits me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him!"

WOMEN



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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Actor and the Ferryman.

Keen, who had run the greatest of the country roads, who had eaten fire at a country fair for a few pence, and had, upon his return, received all the dust of a storm in the streets, to the admiration of a horse in a barn, for a way of no and a stirring down of straw for the night, had so frequently pressed the hand of poverty that he became quite familiar to the town, and acted with its equalization. About two years before his first appearance at Drury Lane, he was successful enough, as he then thought, to obtain an engagement at the Haymarket, under the management of Morris; fortune smiled upon him; forty shillings a week was the temptation of affluence. It so happened that at the time when he had to enter upon this engagement, he was starving in a little village in Essex, and had to make his way to London in the best way he could, by picking up on his way what he could tempt from the dole-shop or by slightly exhibiting. Keen, unsuccessful as ever, came to the Lea River, which divides the counties of Essex and Middlesex, and found himself destitute of every penny to pay the ferry over; the appearance of the ferryman of the ferry was stern and forbidding, and the tragedian was dismayed from soliciting a free passage. So he crossed, and, making a bundle of his clothes, tied them on his back, and dashed into the water. Chorus, on seeing this, called out to his dog, lying quietly at the bottom of the boat—

"Here, Grovler, swim him!"
At the word, the dog dashed into the river, and, without ceremony, conducted poor Keen to the shore which he had just left, and depositing him there, returned to his master. Keen, watching his opportunity, again crossed into the stream; but, as before, the dog returned at his owner's bidding, and he was once more reconducted back. Upon this our tragedian angrily remonstrated with the ferryman, who coolly replied—

"I treat this here ferry, and am not going to be cheated by the likes of you; so I keep my dog there, old Grovler, to be on the lookout."
Keen was in the highest state of exasperation, but all argument was in vain. At length, confessing his poverty, the ferryman exclaimed, "What! aren't you a penny? why didn't you say so? So you've been giving me all this here trouble for nothing! Here, jump in; dress yourself, and be blessed to you!"
Keen did so, was ferried over, and the cheerful ferryman, addressing him, said—
"You're a pretty sort of chap, to be traveling about without a penny in your pocket, ain't you?" and putting a shilling in his hand, he bade him good-by.
From this exploit Keen caught a fever and ague, which negated his efforts at the Haymarket.

Bribe.

An American sleep-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels he encountered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," said one, "you belong to the United States, I see?"

"Right," was the answer.

"Now what would you say to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a gunboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out," returned the lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her Majesty's servants for a moment; finally one of them, more mollified than the rest, managed to stammer out—

"W-well, Yank, I—I say it."

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly—

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out."

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the officer at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the mess.

A Rio Jan.—A good story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812-14, who was, and is still more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kennada, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named, and take the two Kennada. The order was peremptory and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces without a reinforcement.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Lowell Journal gives an account of a rich case that occurred in one of the Lowell hotels recently. A lodger, who had been on a spree the previous evening, arose in the morning and rang the bell violently.

Boots appeared. "Where are my pants? I looked my deer last night, and somebody has stolen them!" Boots was green, and a little terrified. He left, however, struck with a sudden thought, and returned with the identical pants. The landlord was called to receive complaints against Boots; but he made it evident that the man had put out his pants to be blacked instead of his boots. The lodger left in the first train.

A CHILD'S REASON.—The following is from the last annual report of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia:—"Not long since a reply, made in all sincerity, and yet so strange and unexpected from so little a fellow, provoked a smile which we could not repress, although the occasion was a solemn one. We had been trying to impress the great importance of telling the truth and the great evil of lying upon the children. The remarks were pointed; for a mother had told us that her little son had been guilty of falsehood. After showing how great sin was, we said that we hoped no one in the school had been guilty of it. The boy, before reason and money, could refuse no longer, but before the whole school acknowledged that he had told a lie. We felt badly, but tried to admonish him. On asking him what made him do so wickedly, he replied, while weeping bitterly, 'I lost my front tooth, and couldn't help it.' Let us all take care of our front teeth!"



LIFE IN INDIA.

India is all very well in his way—but it is no joke, on rising to the surface, after taking a header, to find a lively hippopotamus as your companion of the bath.

I WOULD BE THINE.

I would be thine!
Ah, not to learn the anguish
Of being first a ditty enshrined,
Then when the fever fit is passed, to languish,
Stripped of each grace that fancy round me
twined;
Not such the lot I crave.

I would be thine!
Not in light sunny weather
A summer atmosphere to breathe,
But fear and tremble when the storm clouds
gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting frown beneath,
Falling when needed most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling
In the sole thought of the far dearer one—
To study every look thy will revealing,
To make thy voice's ever varying tones
The music of my heart.

I would be thine!
When sickness should oppress thee,
With love's unwearied vigilance to watch,
Waking, to soothe, to comfort, to careen thee
Sleeping, to let in dream, each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When vexed by worldly crosses
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath thy burden and thy losses—
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,
Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine!
Gently and unrepining
To bear with thee when chafed and spirit
worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach denying
But by the soft submission which is born
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!
My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and living
thoughts,
No wish beyond the home where thou shouldst
enter,
Ever anew to find thy presence brought
My life's best joy.

I would be thine!
Not passion's wild emotion
To show thee, fickle as the changing wind,
But with a still, deep, fervent life devotion,
To be to thee the helpmeet God designed,
For this would I be thine.

A Soldier in Luck.—Romantic Story.
The Detroit Free Press tells the following story:—

At the first battle of Bull Run there was a soldier by the name of Wilson, who, like many others on that memorable occasion, struggled away from his command. After walking, or rather running, for several hours he became very much fatigued, and after taking good precautions that there were no rebels either within sound or sight, he lay down to sleep by the side of a fence and slept sweetly and soundly during the night.

Late in the morning, when the sun was near midnoon, he woke to find himself in a strange land, and perhaps among the bitterest enemies of the country. But the demand of hunger soon silenced the voice of prudence and caution. Seeing a mansion on a hill in the distance, surrounded by parks and meadows, orchards and evergreens, artificial fountains, and natural streams of clear running water, in fact everything to show that it was one of the first-class old Virginia plantations, the home of courtly elegance and refinement, our soldier, tired with a weary step and fainting, fumbling heart, knocked at the door of the mansion. He was cordially received, for the old Virginia planter was faithful among the faithful few. He remained long enough to recruit his wasted energies and get information as to the most direct route to Washington.

But the name of the young soldier was not forgotten by the planter, nor his manly bearing and genial temperament. The soldier re-enlisted in another regiment, and at the second battle of Bull Run was severely though not dangerously wounded. He was taken to the hospital at Washington. His old Virginia friend learned of his illness. He sent to the hospital and obtained an order for permission to take him to his own home. He was removed, when through the kindness of the planter and the attention

of his daughter, the young man gradually recovered.

A tender regard sprang up between the young lady and the young soldier, and to cut very short the story in such cases made and provided usually takes, they were betrothed. The soldier returned to his Northern home on furlough. While here he learned of the sudden and severe indisposition of her who was soon to become his bride. He hastened to her side and buried her corpse. The old man before many weeks had elapsed told the young man that he intended to make him his heir, that he had no children left, and no relatives, except those who were in rebellion, and that he should now share with him his estate. He at once gave him a deed to a considerable property in Chicago.

The young man a few weeks since visited that modern miracle and Babylon combined, and found that his little Chicago property would realize the handsome sum of \$300,000, being offered \$100,000 for a single block to which he had fallen heir to. But this is not all in the strange and eventful story. The old man has but recently died, leaving all his fortune to this young Union soldier, which is now known to be over \$300,000.

TREATMENT OF GOLD FISH.—In cases where fish are kept in vessels in rooms, &c., they should be kept in spring water. The water will require to be changed according to the size of the vessel or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common-sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once a fortnight, and so on, in proportion. If any food is supplied them, it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped in the water once or twice a week.

THE PAST.—In many disguises the past still lingers around us! The dead past! It is not dead; it lives in the flower, the fountain, and the bow.

AGRICULTURAL.

HORN GOOD FOR VINE.—When I resided at a village named Milford, near Christchurch, on the Hampshire coast, I possessed a vine, trained against a wall in my garden, which had for three successive years borne an abundance of fruit of the finest kind. During the month of November of the third year, the neighborhood was visited by a heavy gale of wind, which raised the tide of the adjacent estuary to so extravagant an extent, that the saline water inundated my grounds and laid the vine two feet under its presence. I observed that for two years following the tree yielded no fruit whatever, and on naming the fact to a friend, who happened to call upon me, he advised me to take the opportunity, after my next task of brewing, to introduce the hops when they had undergone the process of boiling to the root of the vine. This step I followed, excavating a hollow around the roots of the tree, and filling it up with the hops, covering the earth over the whole. The ensuing year, the tree became restored to its pristine prolific character, and bore a wonderful crop of fruit, which ripened into maturity.—Rusticus.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT.—At the Russian Court fruit is preserved by being packed in creosote-lined tins. The fruit is stacked in water in which a little creosote has been dissolved, and is allowed to fall to powder. The bottom of a plain deal box is covered with it one inch high, and over it is a sheet of paper. Upon this the fruit, well selected and cleaned, is arranged; over this another sheet of paper, and on top of this another such stratum of prepared lime; in the corners a little finely-powdered charcoal is put. The whole box is then filled in the same manner, and the well-stuffed lid nailed down. Fruit kept in this manner will remain intact at least one year.

WATER AND FEAR.—M. Dancel, in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as a cause of obesity. He narrated two experiments—one of a lean horse, from whose diet per day three pounds of oats were subtracted, while it was provided with abundance of water, into which a pound of oats was put. In the course of twenty-seven days it increased about thirty-six pounds in weight. In the same experiment an exceedingly fat mare, that could hardly carry its rider, was reduced from an allowance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and speedily lost its obesity, resuming its former vigor.

IMPROVEMENT OF GRAVITY. SHOULD YOU FOWL.—Reader, did you ever direct the glances of a hen, turkey, goose, or duck? The glances and general character in it serve the purpose of teeth, in reducing the food to small particles, in order to facilitate digestion. The food is swallowed in chunks, or the grain is received into the crop unbroken. Here all such substances are softened, and passed, a little at a time, through the gizzard, which is surrounded by strong muscles; and when food is passing through it, it dilates and contracts similar to the motion of a bellows, and the food, kernels of grain, coming in contact with the gizzard, is separated and torn to pieces. After the process is completed, the food is digested. These little mill stones, as it were, do not remain long in the gizzard; they are carried out with the food, and a new set is brought along from the crop, to be thus ground. Now, if fowls are confined, as they often are, where they cannot have access to all the sharp gravel they need, their digestion must be imperfect, and they cannot do well, especially if fed on whole grain. Fowls need sharp gravel stones within their reach to swallow every day, and if they do not have a range, gravel should be kept by them, in their inclosures.—Boston Cultivator.

DATING APPLE.—As this is the season, a hint to some inexperienced housewife may prove acceptable. Apples sliced thin are least apt to be touched with worms, though if fears are entertained relative to these troublesome visitors, a piece of camphor bark placed in the bag with the fruit, is said to be a sure preventative. Apples immediately placed in the sun after cutting, are lighter in color, and more tempting to the eye, at least, than those remaining in-doors two or three hours before spreading. Some prefer one evening's dew upon them; if pared late in the day this answers well. Do not permit one apple to rot under your trees. Think of some poor far off soldier who would gladly eat the sauce that apple would make. The pig will thank you for the smallest windfall, and the "inner man" for those a trifle larger. H. R. G.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

COFFEE AS THE FRENCH PREPARE IT.—In Paris the coffee is nectar compared with the beverage we in common call coffee. I was desirous to know how it was prepared, and soon learned. The French use three kinds of coffee, Mocha, Java and Rio, mixed in equal parts. The coffee before roasting is winnowed, to cleanse it of dust, etc.; it is then culled or picked over; every black or defective kernel is picked out, as well as small stones, seeds and rat droppings, which are abundant in most coffee. It is then put into tubs of clean water and well washed, then spread to dry; when dry it is ready for roasting. The coffee required is roasted daily at large establishments; while warm it is ground, and put up in glazed papers of a conical shape, holding from two ounces to half a pound, and sealed up. Gentlemen, as they leave their places of business for home and dinner, when convenient call and take the needed supply. The coffee is put into a pot or digester in cold water, and then set over a lamp expressly for the purpose, and there heated, not boiled, but steeped; from this digester no steam or fumes arise; when ready you have your cup of coffee. It is coffee, and a beverage delicious, health-giving, not the bitter, acrid, filthy, nauseous drug we are in the habit of partaking, and calling it coffee.—C. F. R., in Springfield Republican.

BRAND BREAD.—Take 1 pound fresh Indian meal, 1 handful salt, and make into a thin mush. When tepid, mix in 1 wine glass yeast, 3 pounds bran flour, (which may be had at the feed stores,) a tablespoonful of sugar or molasses; mix all together, and form a loaf without kneading. Bake in a pan ready greased, longer than the same quantity of wheat bread. Let it stand to rise in this greased pan, and bake. R. L.

RYE BREAD.—Make a pot of mush with coarse yellow Indian meal—season it with salt to taste, and let it boil well for an hour, then stir in more Indian until it is quite stiff—let it cool until it is milk-warm, then add yeast enough to raise it, and knead rye flour into it, until it is a stiff dough—let it rise—when light, mould it into loaves. Let it stand till quite light again, and bake as other bread. Made into small cakes it is very good hot for breakfast.

APPLE CHEESE.—Take equal weights of apples and sugar; boil the sugar in water, take off the scum as it rises, and when it is clear, put the apples with some lemon-juice and peel, and boil until it is all of a proper thickness.

CHEESE FOR APPLE CHEESE.—To a pint of new milk put the yolks of 2 eggs, a stick of cinnamon, a spoonful of rose-water, and the peel of a lemon; let it quite boil, and when it is cool, sweeten to your taste, and pour it over or around the cheese.

BRANFEST CAKE.—Have ready 3 pounds of flour, 1 pound of butter, 1 pound of sugar, a pint of milk, the white of 1 egg, and 1 pint of yeast. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour, add the milk and white of egg; then beat in the yeast and set the dough, when thoroughly mixed, before the fire to rise. Roll it out into small cakes, shaped without cutting, and bake them on tins.

AN EXCELLENT CEMENT.—Five years ago, we applied a cement, composed of white lead paint, whitening and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof since then perfectly tight. It was put on about the consistency of thin putty. Slater's cement for stopping leaks around chimneys is composed of linseed oil, whitening, ground glass, and some brick-dust. It is a good cement for this purpose; also for closing the joints of stone steps to houses.—Scientific American.

CHEAP AND GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Take 2 peck wheat bran, and mix it with a 1 pint of molasses and 1 pint water stirred well together. It will make an adhesive compound which must be put in a large pan in a warm oven, till it is perfectly dry. If ground, and used half bran and half coffee, the nearest critic in coffee cannot detect the difference.

"Bridge," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conly, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?" "There no one but me oldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?" "Barney O'Connell, ma'am." "Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?" "Troth, ma'am, he has been married once."

THE RIDDLE.

Riddle.

My lot is in great, but not in vast.
My 2d is in salt, but not in meat.
My 4th is in corn, but not in wheat.
My 5th is in every, but not in each.
My 6th is in flower, but not in seed.
My 7th is in ball, but not in lead.
My 8th is in old, but not in new.
My 9th is in brief, but not in short.
My 10th is in shelter, but not in port.
My 11th is in flower, but not in leaf.
My 12th is in waste, but not in loss.
My 13th is in clay, but not in fill.
My 14th is in stone, but not in bill.
My 15th is in fear, but not in mock.
My 16th is in swing, but not in rock.
My 17th is in brink, but not in verge.
My 18th is in wave, but not in surge.
My 19th is in crime, but not in sin.
My 20th is in clatter, but not in din.
My 21st is in space, but not in room.
My 22d is in sadness, but not in gloom.
My 23d is in stroke, but not in blow.
My 24th is in plant, but not in sow.
My 25th is in front, but not in van.
My 26th is in he, but not in man.
My whole is the closing sentence of a celebrated speech.
M. R. MORRIS.
Allentown, New Jersey.

Double Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Asia.
A mountain in Europe.
A river in the United States.
A ruin in Asia Minor.
A city in Russia.
A mountain in Arabia.
A river in Africa.
A lake in the United States.
A lake in the United States.

The initials form the name of one of the United States, the finale that of its capital city. RYA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first is an article in common use, which nevertheless yields more power than words.
My second is the noblest work of God.
My third is a vessel used on the sea.
My whole should become the accomplishment of every young man, as it is an object worthy of attainment.
JOE. ROSS, JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first brings sorrow, and grief, and pain.
My second is lord of earth's wide domain.
My whole sometimes wears an angel's face,
Though oft of an angel no other trace.
CHAS. J. FROST, JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Magic Square.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Arrange the numbers, from 1 to 26 (inclusive), in the form of a square, so that the sum of the numbers shall be the same, whether added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally.
W. A. ARBERG.
Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A skillful land-measurer was called upon to determine the dimensions and contents of a large four-sided tract of land. He, therefore, went to the first corner of the tract, and measured the distance from the first to the second corner, and found the first side to be 525 rods in length; he then measured the distance from the second to the third corner, and found the second side to measure 975 rods; in like manner, he found the third side to be 1464 rods in length; but when he came to the fourth corner of the tract, he discovered that he could not measure the fourth side on account of swamps and other obstructions being in the way. In order to obtain other data, he went back to the second corner of the tract, and, starting at right angles with the first side, ran direct to a large chestnut tree, known to be standing on the fourth side; but, because of the multitude of briars in this line, he did not measure the distance. He next ran direct from the chestnut tree to the third corner of the tract, and when there he found that this last line made a right angle with the third side; but, for various reasons, he did not measure the length of it.

It is required to determine, from the data above given, the fourth side of the tract, and the number of acres it contains.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
To find a right angled triangle, such that if the double area be subtracted from each side, the remainder shall be squares.
DAVID S. HART.
Birmingham, Ala.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

Conundrums.

Why is a beggar like an attorney? Ans.—Because he is a solicitor.
Why do pioneers march at the head of the army? Ans.—To see the way.
Why is a tailor-chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men? Ans.—Because all his works are wicked and all his works are brought to light.
Why is a horse who is hard rode, though never fed, unlikely to be starved? Ans.—Because he always has a bit in his mouth.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE.—A Northern copperhead. RIDDLE.—Trice—rice—ice. CHARADE.—Port-manteau (Port-money).

Reuben Barte sends the answer which was requested of him to Walter Siverly's PROBLEM, published July 30th.—A D, 47,759, B D, 40,443, C D, 32,5945. Morgan Stevens sends the same, which agrees with the author's.

Answer to PROBLEM, by GHI Bates, same date. The water will spout 146 inches from the foot of the cylinder down the plane. Walter Siverly, 90 inches, Morgan Stevens.